

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON.

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SUNSHINE COMES TO-MORROW.

Some days must be dark and dreary,
Some lives must be full of gloom,
Some hearts of their own must weary,
Till they long for rest in the tomb.

Some eyes must grow dim from weeping,
While others are glad and bright,
Some wake while others are sleeping—
Care-free until morning light.

O, well for the hearts which sorrow,
That the long-for rest draws near,
And well that the sun to-morrow
May shine on the paths now drear.

There are sunny tales in mid-ocean,
Where the myrtle and orange bloom,
Unheeding the wild emotion,
Or the depth which no stars illumine.

As those tales to the shipwrecked mortal,
Tossed about on the ocean's crest,
So the entrance to Heaven's portal
Tells only of the endless rest.

Grover Cleveland despises a lie. All honorable men abhor liars, those who originate lies or repeat them. There never was a time in the history of James G. Blaine when reports were in circulation against his public or his private character, when he said: "Tell the truth." Grover Cleveland is not afraid of the truth and he manfully defies all the liars of Buffalo and all the lying sheets of the republican party. He simply says: "Tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth." Grover Cleveland wants no whitewash. He asks no sympathy. A man among men, he simply asks what all honorable men will approve, that those who speak of him tell the truth. If there have been imperfections and it be required that the world shall know them, tell the truth. Half truth is a lie; only the whole truth is just and perfect. Grover Cleveland says: "Tell the truth about me." Let the truth go to the American people. There is no verdict to be rendered. The standards are rapidly losing their dimensions. They were biggest at the base. In a few days the nauseating mass will disappear, except in certain localities where nastiness is preferred to regular diet. [Indianapolis Sentinel.]

THE HONEST COUNTRYMAN.—There is a cheap clothing dealer on Kearny, near California, whose confidence in mankind has received a severe shock. The other day an honest-looking countryman walked into his store and said:

"You remember that second-hand overcoat I bought here for \$5 yesterday?"

"Never saw pack anything you've come to, my friend," said the dealer, looking down.

"Oh! that's all right. I just wanted to say that I found a \$500 bill sewed in the lining. Perhaps the owner may call for it."

"Of course he will—he has called already, my dear friend," exclaimed the dealer, eagerly capturing the money. "You see, honest man. Here, I give you fifty cents as a reward. Dot will be all right."

When the honest countryman got around the corner he murmured softly: "I guess I'd better take this fifty and skip up to Portland before that sneaky tumbler to that counterfeiter. It's getting mighty hard to shove the 'queer' round these parts, and that's a fact." [San Francisco Post.]

Before Gen. Cash Clay gets through howling about political murders in the South he ought to tell about how many murders, political and otherwise, he has committed during his long and illustrious career. "Has my family been broken up?" he asked. Let him publish Mrs. Clay's petition for divorce, and thus show who broke up his family. "His more than one of my children been poisoned to death, and the youngest left alive by miracle only?" he again asks. If Gen. Clay means to charge the democracy with poisoning his children he should say so in a more manly way than by innuendo. He might also explain the relationship he bore to the woman who is the mother of his youngest child. [Louisville Times.]

The Pigeon Sound oysters are sometimes two feet in diameter, and weigh inclusive of the shell, as much as sixty pounds. Two of these gigantic mollusks were lately transported and planted in the South Bay. Either the trip or the new habitat disagreed with them, as both died a few days afterwards.

A jelly fish stranded at Ceylon weighed over two tons and at night gave out a light sufficient to read by. In ten days it had evaporated so that it weighed only two pounds.

TRY IT YOURSELF.

The proof of the pudding is not in chewing the string, but in having an opportunity to try the article yourself. McRoberts & Stagg, the Druggists, have a free trial bottle of Dr. Bonanza's Cough and Lung Syrup for each and every one who is afflicted with Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption or any Lung Affection.

JUST AS GOOD.

Many unscrupulous dealers may tell you they have remedies for Coughs and Colds equal in merit and in every respect just as good as the old reliable Dr. Bonanza Cough and Lung Syrup, unless you insist upon this remedy and will take no other, you are liable to be greatly deceived. Prices, 50 cents and \$1.00. Sold by McRoberts & Stagg.

DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY.

—The Danvilles beat the Somersets in a game of ball 11 to 23, on the latter's ground Wednesday.

—The friends of Mr. W. H. Robinson, will be gratified to learn that his fine mare, Nannie B., took the blue ribbon in the sweepstake roadster ring at Richmond Wednesday.

—Messrs Summer Roberts and R. P. McGoodwin have retired from the planing mill coal yards. Messrs. Jona B. Nichols and Samuel Harding carry on the business at the old stand on Main street, nearly opposite Gilcher's Hotel.

—Mr. Henry Wishard, who shot at a man who entered his father's house a few nights ago, went to Harrodsburg Wednesday to see if he could identify a wounded negro there, who would give no account of himself. He saw him but thought him a different individual from the one he referred to.

—Mr. W. L. Tarkington propose to start on Monday, the 18th inst., for the strait of Mackinaw, Michigan. He will leave at the time indicated to see if he can't get ahead of the hay fever that he has taken with scrupulous regularity on the 19th of August for the past 5 or 6 years, when he remained here at home. Mrs. S. Dowdson went to Maysville Wednesday to visit her mother, Mrs. E. Q. Price. Her three children accompanied her. Mr. W. G. Dunlap, her sister Miss Mary Robertson, her brother, Mr. A. B. Robertson, and Messrs J. C. Caldwell and C. C. Fox made up a party who left Thursday at noon for New York, Washington City and other points in the East. They will be absent three or four weeks. Hon. Wm. C. Owens, of Georgetown, was here Wednesday on professional business.

—Mr. R. G. Merrill, the popular cutter at P. A. Marks' merchant tailoring establishment, has a thimble that has kept him company these many years. When the 2nd Regiment of Tennessee Confederate Infantry left Gallatin for the war in 1861, Mr. Merrill enlisted as a private with the thimble in his pocket. He used it constantly in mending for himself and comrades and it once pushed the needle through a suit of new regimentals for Gen. Joseph E. Johnson. Arriving at Camp Chase in the course of time as a prisoner, Mr. Merrill was searched by a guard and the thimble taken from him. The guard gave it back on reflection as he was unable to see how the possession of a thimble by a prisoner could materially aid the weakening confederacy. Mr. Merrill has it yet and intends sending it to Louisville to be placed in the Confederate corner in the Exposition with a full history of its travels and adventures.

A Compliment to Frankfort.

"When I arrived in the Capital, last winter," said Hon. Tom Hill to the scribe, "I thought it the most God-forsaken spot I ever saw. Nothing but clouds and rocks and mean whisky and pretty girls all swamped up in waterproof disguise. I went down by the bridge and helped swell the surging tide of the Kentucky with my tears of repentance. 'Great Neptune,' I said, 'is this the reward of my ambitious toil? But when the spring tide had come, gentle Annie, and the hillsides began to mantle their rocky sides in a verdure of green; when the birds began to sing and my thoughts to turn lightly to love; when the mean whisky had improved by age, and the Governor had quit vetoing my bill; then I thought Frankfort was the loveliest spot on earth. Its most beautiful little city in America in spring and summer, and I'm for it for anything it wants. That's a pretty heading you all have for the Capital. Send me a hundred copies for the democracy of Lincoln. Come let's go over and buy an old rooster for fifteen cents.'" [Capital.]

A painter who loves his dram, but who of late has been at his wife's ends to get a drink, performed a successful chemical operation recently and surprised his employer by getting drunk from his paint pot. He was using shellac mixed with alcohol. He applied cold water to the shellac, which soon settled to the bottom of the pail, leaving the alcohol and water clear on top. He drank it off and had a genuine drunk. [Norwich Bulletin.]

As a preventative of Asiatic cholera, Dr. Constantine Hering, in his "Homeopathic Domestic Physician," says: "The surest preventive is sulphur; put half a teaspoonful of flower of sulphur into each of your stockings and go about your business; never go out with an empty stomach, eat no flesh, bread or sour food. Not one of the many thousands, who have followed this my advice have been attacked by cholera."

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GEO. O. BARNES IN FRANCE.

'PRAISE THE LORD'

25 AVENUE DE LA GRANDE ARMEE, PARIS, July 26, 1884.

Dear Interior:
If you ask me what impressed me more than any one thing among the many "sights" of Paris, I can speak without hesitation: The tomb of Napoleon the "Great" in the Hotel des Invalides. It stands above them all, like the gilded dome above it, the first object that attracts the eye in taking a bird's-eye view of Paris. The guide books try to describe it. It can not be done. There is something about the place that baffles the pen. When you go to Paris and visit the spot, my readers, you will know what I mean; not before. I walked on tip-toe. I didn't wish to speak or be spoken to. To be within a few feet of the skeleton of the man at whom the whole world wondered and who was, forty years ago, my silly, boyish ideal of greatness, was a new and strange sensation. Not long before I left home I stood before the door of the vault at Mt. Vernon, where our own Washington lies. In my riper judgment, his "little finger is thicker than the loins" of Bonaparte; but boyish impressions are, after all, the most abiding. Philosophy and experience alike go down before them. Even religion staggers before the tenacious ideal that has once fully taken possession of a boy's imagination. I know that Jesus is my "all and in all." That is my faith. I know that George Washington was immeasurably a greater man than Napoleon Bonaparte. That is my matured judgment. But I once let the hero of Austerlitz, Jena and Marengo come into my life without thinking of results, and there he is still. That is my boyish imagination, clinging with unrelaxing grasp to a boyish ideal—false but well nigh omnipotent. It is a strangely curious thing. I can not well understand it. I only write about it. I did not hold my breath at Mt. Vernon. I should have to try hard to let the full power of the place take possession of me, if I were to go to Jeuneville today. I know it as well as I know that I "love Him who first loved me." Faith is an exotic at best. But without an effort came back my old boyish prepossession for Napoleon, as I stood beside his coffin on the 8th of July; and I saw the "man of destiny" in all the well-remembered epochs of his romantic career, pass like a panorama before me. On his rearing horse at the icy pass of St. Bernard; facing the driving storm in his Russian retreat; tearing open his coat and bidding his veterans fire upon him, when he returned from Elba; knitting his brows at Fontenau; when all was lost; gazing from the rocky cliffs of St. Helena towards the France he was never more to see; how vivid it all was that well-remembered day at the Hotel des Invalides.

Five minutes in the open air and the glamour of the scene was gone, but I knew then, as I know now, that my boyish passion lies latent, just the same as it was 40 years ago, only waiting the proper occasion to make it spring into full-blown life. We are "fearfully and wonderfully made." I had learned it as an aphorism that "earliest impressions are the most lasting." I took a lesson in the experience of it at Napoleon's tomb.

The Paris cab drivers are *not* *genera*. Not in exterior. That is the monotonous characteristic of the tribe, the world over. But they have a passion for wearing plug hats of shining oil skin, shaped like a "first-class" silk hat, but glistening like a mirror in the sun's rays. Some black, some white, but ever shining. But then they crack their whips so persistently and with such startling sharpness that I jumped at the sound once and again before I got used to it. They seem to do it for the fun of the thing. The horses don't seem to think it a thing intended for them. At any rate they don't mind anything but the direct application of the lash. The cracking seems to be, primarily, a warning to pedestrians to get out of the way; and secondarily a sort of assertion of authority on the part of the king of the coach-box. Whatever the philosophy or utility of the thing, it is one of the features of the streets of Paris that rather strikes and startles a stranger. And I am just jotting down a few strange things before they cease to be strange.

Vernon and I spent the best part of a day at the Louvre. Here again notice the splendid character of French orthography. How do you think they pronounce that? Look! Throwing into the gutter of silence, so to speak, two good letters that never did the French people any harm. Whatever crime were those unfortunate r-e guilty of, that they should be gibbeted in a word—hung up for inspection, without the faintest recognition of their existence in utterance; two orthographical barnacles; useless excrescences; such a sheer waste of raw material, is the spoken, versus written French. Well, the Louvre! what a wonderful place it is! Just miles of pictures, if they were strung out in a row. I should think nearly a mile of them up one gallery and down another, even, hung tier above tier as they are. Again there is too much to describe and I can not begin, even. The floors are of polished wood, carpetless and ringleless; and as this is also the character of the French floor everywhere, I will stop for a moment for further notice of it. I verily believe these slippery floors have had something to do with giving the people a mincing gait. You know what short steps

one necessarily takes on ice. And these polished floors require the same circumspection in walking. Try a long, swinging step at the Louvre, if you dare. About the second stride you would come to grief, or strike an attitude like the Colossus at Rhodes, or Ajax defying the lightning. Careful as may be your inspection of the pictures, still more careful must you be how you step on these glassier surfaces. It was right amusing to see heavy gentlemen and elderly ladies, with whom a fall would have been a serious matter, with elbows uplifted in an attitude of flight, as if they had been wings, anxious faces and very short steps, passing from one gallery to another. It was a hot day and this was our method of procedure. At intervals of about twenty yards there were green plush sofas, without any backs, on both sides of the galleries. Seated on one of these, we leisurely inspected the pictures within comfortable eye range of our seat. Crossing over we occupied the opposite sofa and looked at the picture on the other side. Then carefully strolling down the sleek floors and giving a very cursory gaze at the intermediate works of art, we made straight for another pair of sofas. There we took it easily again, and so on ad finem. I commend this method to weary visitors of picture galleries. Ordinarily it is the most exhaustive of all the sights in foreign travel, but by this common sense arrangement and not insisting on actually bringing the eyes to bear upon every picture on the walls, one may escape the utter prostration of the picture gallery and really "take in" and carry more away than by any other method that I am acquainted with. In all the galleries, copyists were painting. And here another dream of youth was dispelled. I thought a painter of "master-pieces" was a person of noble mien, lofty brow, flashing eye and flowing hair. Instead, at the "Louvre," there were stout ladies, in faded black, with spectacles; grizzled old fellows in slippers, alpaca socks and spectacles, too; one soldier, in full private uniform, with a most unattractive and even coarse face; and a young woman, spare, angular and hungry-looking, with fingers like claws, for thinness; all painting away on various subjects—amorous, bellicose and mythological; but none of them at all like my artist of dreamland. Alas! life is so practical. These people were evidently painting for bread—every one of them, perhaps—and so many francs for so much work, seemed the motive power. Art stands back in the presence of a hungry stomach and nothing is lovely to one needing three meals a day and no money.

The blouse is the national garment of France. You see it everywhere. It is the badge of the swarming, working class. Generally blue, loose sleeved and capacious. In fact, a short shirt worn outside the trousers, though another may be, and is manifestly, worn within. A blouse and red cap are things of terror to me, for they are associated with all that is bloody in the latter history of France. And they are yet to play an awful part in the coming tragedy of earth. What another "reign of terror" more dreadful than the first, will it be, when the horrible "commune" shall be victorious, as it is certain to be. For men would not accept the LORD'S commune, when He established community of goods on a principle of pure love and willing offering. This grace rejected, man's wilful substitute came—viz: "Every man for himself and the devil for us all"—more "come in I effect" when you come to analyze the sentence. Sowing means reaping; and they "sow the wind reap the whirlwind," for the crop is always more than the seed sown. God's commune of Act-2 rejected—the devil's takes its place. "I came in my Father's name and ye received me not." That is the proposition. "Another shall come in his own name; him ye will receive." That is the corollary. Yes, there shall yet be a "community of goods," before the end shall come; but there shall be no blessing in it, only a curse, deep as the malice of him who plotted the forcible division among the many, of what the few have painfully gathered for themselves. Oh, had they amassed it all for God, how different the outcome; oh, had they lavishly given it to others, of their own free will, instead of riches laid up in heaven, instead of riches torn away from unwilling hearts and hands!

Apropos of this sad train of thought, suggested by a "blouse," I saw on the corner of Rue de Rivoli and Rue St. Martin—the former the street of streets, in Paris, perhaps the world—a sign over a handsome store, that ran thus: "Au Bon Diable—Tout pour rien." "To the good devil—everything for nothing." It suggested in a dreadful way who was at the bottom of all the godlessness of Paris, the very same who took our Savior to "the top of an exceedingly high mountain and thence showed Him all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them," and made the identical proposition to Him—*and now give us*—*All these will I give thee, for thou wilt give them to whom I will.* "Trust your word—All for nothing." "Only worship me. That is my only condition of gift." Oh, that Paris knew her tempter and would only say, "I will not worship thee!" But she knows not of any place that I have visited more thoroughly given over to the devil than Paris. I am afraid that sign in the Rue de Rivoli is only too significant. But is a lovely city. One can scarcely believe it to be so wicked. Looking on the surface of things and forgetting what lies beneath, there is no city in the world, perhaps, more enjoyable than Paris. We could not remedy the evil. We enjoyed what we could. Vernon and I had a first-rate time in the French capital. Ever in Jesus,

GEO. O. BARNES.

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